

The Bloomfield Record.

FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1880.

Work.

some great angel spoke to me to-night
In a sweet language of the unknown land,
Bidding me choose from treasures infinite,
From goodly gifts and glories in his hand.
The thing I coveted, what should I take?

Fame's wreath of bays? the noble world's
estems?

Nay; greenest bays may wave on brows that
ache,

And world's upholding passeth as a dream.

Should I choose love to fill mine empty hearts
With not strong sweetnes, as in days of
old?

Nay; lor' love's rapture hath an after-smart,
And on love's rose the thorn is sharp.

Should Life's like life with long-exceeding
years?

Nay; earth's long lie is longer time for
tears.

I should work weak, and never-sailing power
To work without weak hindrance by the
way.

Without hindrance of the wear; hour
When tired, tyrant nature hails his sway
Over the brain and tailing hand.

Ah! it is an angel came to me to-night;
Speaking in language of the unknown land,

So would I choose from treasure infinite,
But well I know the blessed gift I crave,

The direst strength for never-ending task!

It is not for this life; But beyond the grave
It may be I shall find the thing I ask;

For I believe there is a better land,
Where will, and work, and strength go hand
in hand.

—*Harper's Bazaar.*

A TALE OF A COAT TAIL.

Mimi Legrand had made up her mind that spinsterhood was to be her lot.

Not that she was ugly or ill-tempered, on, no. She was pretty, and very gay.

She was as sweet as may be; but when one lives on a palace, she may be.

Even Aunt Diane's heart was softened; and she made no objection to the marriage—and Mrs. George Wolfe often says that she overcame all her happiness.

George's heart was full of love for Mimi.

"How cruel!" he responded, sympathetically.

"Isn't it?" said she, being an inveterate chatterbox, and glad to have one who would be a prisoner. "I ought

to be a prisoner. How would you like to have your aunt always following you about?"

"I should like it very much," answered George boldly, "if I could have some people I know."

"But Aunt Diane isn't," said Mimi, confidentially.

"Though," she added, her conscience smiting her, "she is very nice and good. But she will always keep on saying that people ought to be kind, and that is such nonsense, isn't it?"

"Absurdity!" George cried, warmly; and after more conversation of a like nature, he said to her, "I hope this will not be out at last morning, Miss Legrand, may tell you!"

"Oh, my!" cried Mimi, astounded; and Aunt Diane would bite your head off."

George seemed quite cast down for a minute, and then said, "I will say good-bye; but it shall not forever."

"Adieu," said Mimi, drooping her long hair.

As soon as Aunt Diane came home, Mimi told her about Mr. Wolfe, and gave her the package of papers.

"You went down to him," ejaculated the spinster, "alone—without a chaperon! What well-behaved girl ever did a thing like that?"

"I am afraid I will tell your father," said Mimi, "but I will not tell him."

Mimi was just eighteen, and though she was brought up like a soule, she began to think it was high time she had a lover.

One evening, as she sat in the company of her sister and Aunt Diane, she remarked suddenly, in a plaintive voice: "Lucy Marshall was married last Tuesday."

"And very silly, at her age!" retorted Aunt Diane. "We here don't care about school girls."

Mimi had her own opinion upon the subject, but she prudently kept it to herself; merely remarking: "Millie Dupont is married too, and she is six years older than I am."

"And when she asked papa, looking up from his newspaper,

"Oh! nothing!" Mimi replied, sighing profoundly. "Harriet says she was married at St. Louis, with six bridesmaids, a veil, and a train three yards long."

"Harriet is an idle, gossiping servant," interrupted her aunt, "who has no business filling your head with such nonsense."

"And does any little girl envy those young ladies?" Mr. Legrand inquired.

"Well," returned Mimi, in a non-committal tone.

"It must be very nice."

All my friends are marrying, and—

—I am going to be quite an old maid!" said Mimi, with a smile, for she was not the child of old maid.

"And when she asked papa, looking up from his newspaper,

"Oh, bother!" said Mimi, shrugging her saucy shoulders.

"Mimi," said her father, seriously, "you must give up these foolish thoughts. You might find great unhappiness in a love affair."

"But, papa," urged Mimi, "I am sure you married."

"And bitterly repeated it," her father might have replied, looking back over his shoulder, as he went to his office.

"I am sorry, but I can't do it," he only frowned and said. "Let us have no more of this folly, Mimi."

Thus snatched, she did not dare to say more; but she pouted and thought to herself, "I must be well to a right; for in one eyes sees me as a flower, in another as a slip away, I never can go out walking without Aunt Diane, and even then he makes me bundle up in my head in a veil until, no doubt, every one thinks I've gone mad." And the old gentleman believed, was reading a letter from a son, who was in West Point.

"That accounts for your being out of doors," he said. "I have often seen the window, like a cage bird."

"A jolly bird, I suppose," he said.

"And when he asked papa, looking up from his newspaper,

"Discreet silence on Mimi's part."

"Perhaps, though, you don't like me at all."

Still silence.

"Well, Mimi!" said he, "I guess if he can't passher'd be no use of you trying."

"But I want you to promise that you won't me," said he.

"All right," said he, "if he can't get into this letter that he had been found in, he had failed to pass examination, and he would have to come home again, and had sent the letter one mail ahead, so that the surprise at its return might not be so great."

"He was to be sent to the next door neighbor's no more some. I was just as well acquainted there as I was at home, and opened the door, and went in without thinking, and just as I went in the folds of the old gentleman's coat, he was reading a letter from a son, who was in West Point.

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"Perhaps, though, you don't like me at all."

Still silence.

"Hands clasp, eyes meet, beneath the eucalyptus tree, and 'the old swain' is still a swain."

The meeting had gone on for some time, when George determined to go to Mr. Legrand, and throw himself upon him.

With outward calmness, but inwardly, while he conversed little Mimi kept carefully out of the way.

"May I inquire the nature of your business, sir?" asked Mr. Legrand, lotting, looking down at the young man's card.

George turned scarlet, and said: "I have the honor of knowing your lovely daughter."

"You are laboring under a mistake, young man. My daughter has no mass carabinieri," said Mimi, with dignity.

"De law, miss!" cried Harriet, awestruck with such bravery, adding discreetly, "But what?" (Miss Diana may.)

"Whatever she chooses," said the little red, with a parting glance at the mirror.

Meanwhile, George Wolfe was gazing around the old-fashioned room with its tarnished gilding and spring-legged chairs, and a dreary set of old fossils, which the dead had left behind them.

Once, in the presence of that awful man, he had, against whom she had so often been warring, Miss Diane came, and faltered out, timidly, very low, "If you please, sir, what do you want?"

The stranger did not seem at all abashed, but answered: "My aunt, Miss Larson, recommended me to place these papers in your hands of Miss Diane's grand. They are the minutes of the Society for the Propagation of Female Independence. I suppose, that is, I mean to say, are you Miss Legrand?"

"I am, Aunt Diane," she returned in an inhaled tone. "I'm Mimi."

"Oh! I did not think that that was the case, that you were the president of the society; however, I suppose these papers will be safe in your hands," said George, and having said this, he turned his head, and remarked briskly: "We are having a beautiful weather!"

"We are having a beautiful weather," said Mimi, looking at him under her long eyelashes, and thinking man was not so black as Aunt Diane painted him.

"You enjoy walking in Canal street, these pleasant afternoons?"

"Ah!" said Mimi, shaking her head.

"You little know Aunt Diane," said George, "she allowed to walk on any street where any one else walks."

"How cruel!" he responded, sympathetically.

"Isn't it?" said she, being an inveterate chatterbox, and glad to have one who would be a prisoner. "I ought

to be a prisoner. How would you like to have your aunt always following you about?"

"I should like it very much," answered George boldly, "if I could have some people I know."

"But Aunt Diane isn't," said Mimi, confidentially.

"Though," she added, her conscience smiting her, "she is very nice and good. But she will always keep on saying that people ought to be kind, and that is such nonsense, isn't it?"

"Well, well, girls will be girls," said George, "but I will be a prisoner. How would you like to have your aunt always following you about?"

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